

all history, and, with the most brazen effrontery, clamour for the emoluments of office. To what, my friend, will such things lead? What will be the result of the grand and glorious experiment we are beginning? Will the people be bestrode by demagogues, and our government follow in the track of all republics? Oh, that I could live to witness the solution of this problem! But I am in the autumn of my life; I have fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf," and, according to the course of nature, must soon be gathered to my fathers. Well: I have seen Washington, and surely his mission was not in vain; surely, as the Latins have it, '*Nec Deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus incidit.*' This reflection is a consolation, for he must have been sent for a mighty purpose.

"I spend my time agreeably, conversing gravely with my reverend friend, Dr. Caldwell, gossiping with my neighbors, superintending the school, correcting my 'Notes,' romping with the children, and poring over *Cicero de Senectate*, Aristotle's Politics, Seneca's Morals, and Tristram Shandy. If you see ———, present my best regards to him, and accept for yourself assurances of my kind esteem. I should be pleased, at all times, to hear from you, and remain,

"Your friend,
"HECTOR M'BRIDE."

CHAPTER LVIII.

CONTAINS MORE SENTIMENT THAN INCIDENT,
AND NOT MUCH OF EITHER.

THOUGH the gentle pressure of Edith's hand, and the soft whispers of her voice, were to Henry Warden like a draught of Lethe's waters, rendering him oblivious of care and sorrow, they did not cause him to forget his duties. Now that his own happiness was secured, he more than ever compassionated the ills of others, and found, in the breast where his own anxieties were buried, a sweet sympathy with all his generous wishes and designs. And, first, he remembered the Scotchman whom Ross had injured; and, fearing that age and want might be pressing hard on the old man, he prepared to pay him a visit. The country was still in an unsettled state, and the roads dangerous; but Warden, feeling bound to undertake the journey, tore himself from the arms of his fair young wife, and with his accustomed confidence in the special care of an overruling Providence, assured her that they would soon and happily meet again. He was accompanied by his servant Ben, and by his friend the master, who expected to be able to add a new chapter to his singular experience.

"I have thought much upon the story of Ross," said the last-named, when they were on the road, "and it strikes me that there are some plausible propositions in his remarks."

Warden.—"To what do you allude?

You surely do not wish to discuss with me, a married man, the subject of love?"

M'Bride.—"God forbid! You are indeed married, my friend, and I would not deserve the name of man or Christian could I be guilty of using in your presence language calculated to weaken in your mind the sacred obligation which you have contracted. Marriage is a divine institute; and, besides this, you are wedded to one whom none but the steeled philosopher can see and not adore."

Warden.—"I would join in that praise, but I cannot speak of Edith to my nearest friends. I have often thought that those who talk freely of their wives, even in compliment, are brutes."

The Master.—"And I think so too. I must, however, make one remark about my sweet friend, and that is this: I ascertained, before the day of your nuptials, that she was all you had fancied her—such a being as I once vainly hoped to find. Now, what is the inference to be drawn? Some accident *must* happen, otherwise it would seem that God's curse upon Adam and his seed was intended with exceptions. If two such beings as you and Edith are allowed to live prosperously together, you will enjoy an Eden equal almost to that from which all are excluded. The curse is on our race to the latest posterity; at least, till the 'millennium.'"

Warden.—"How fallible are men's opinions! How can mortals be wise, when their reasoning depends entirely on their physical organization and on their experience? Now, here are you and myself; both are dispassionate, both honestly desirous of arriving at truth; and yet how widely apart are we in opinion! You are forever desponding—I am always hoping. Indeed 'Hope on, hope ever,' is my motto; and in the darkest hours I ever believe there is a good time coming."

The Master.—"I can demonstrate that you are mistaken. Has not God cursed the race, and allotted to us here toil, disappointment, and sorrow? Now if *one* individual can escape this doom all the race may also."

Warden.—"Premises and conclusions are conceded. Although in Adam's fall the perfect fidelity of the race here was wrecked, yet all was not lost. We cannot be perfectly happy until we are perfectly good, and I very willingly agree that none are or can be righteous. Yet we may, as individuals, or as a nation, approximate the standard of righteousness, and our happiness will be proportioned. For instance, are not you—a pious, lettered, and temperate man—ininitely more happy than the beastly, vicious, and ignorant sot who wallows in filth and sin? Even so the man who is better and wiser than you may be proportionably happier.